

Turn the Other Cheek by HobbitSpaceCase

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Summary:

Sometimes, Billy needs to be punished. Steve will always be willing to give him whatever he needs.

Turn the Other Cheek

Author's Note:

Am I sorry for the blatant, awful pun that is the title of this? Not really, but I'll apologize for it anyway.

“Fucking hell, Harrington, you’re so fucking full of bullshit!”

Billy knew it was the wrong thing to say as soon as he said it, teeth clicking closed too late to stop the cruel words from escaping. The slow collapse of Steve’s entire being had him wishing he could go back in time and punch himself in the face instead of being such a goddamn dick, but as usual he hadn’t been thinking about his words or his actions until it was too late. Until he’d already hurt the one person who always loved him and stuck by him in spite of his own metric fuckton of fucking bullshit.

“Shit, Steve,” he said, stepping closer and raising his hands palm out. “Fuck, I didn’t mean it.”

The smile Steve gave him was about as fake as the tits in a playboy magazine. “It’s okay,” Steve said, stepping back. “I think I’m just gonna go cool down for a while. Maybe we should both do that.” He waited just long enough for Billy to nod in understand before turning and practically fleeing the room. As soon as he was out of sight, Billy collapsed to the couch like a puppet with it’s strings cut, head falling into his hands as he tried to hold back angry tears.

They’d been fighting over something so *stupid*. He knew he shouldn’t take it personally that Steve and Nancy were still friends, but as usual Billy had to go and blow shit out of proportion. He fucking *knew* there wasn’t shit going on between them except friendship anymore, knew they had a certain bond from monster fighting that didn’t mean Steve loved Billy any less, but sometimes his head got all twisted up and he couldn’t remember why Steve would ever want to be with a white trash fag like him. Sometimes he caught himself wondering if Steve would have ever looked twice at Billy if he hadn’t been brutally dumped by his pretty girlfriend back in high school, if Steve was just waiting on his self esteem to come back so he could move on to

someone who wasn't a fucked up, angry piece of shit.

They danced around each other for the rest of the day, too polite and carefully distant. At night, Steve held him close in their bed, but the silence from his usually chatty boyfriend meant Steve hadn't forgotten Billy's harsh words.

Billy woke up to an empty bed, feeling cold and alone. It was silly to feel that way. Steve had probably just woken up early and gone downstairs to eat breakfast or watch tv or something, and had let Billy sleep in because it was a Sunday and neither of them had work. It still felt like he'd been abandoned. He still couldn't entirely silence the voice that said he deserved it.

After spending a good half hour laying on his back feeling sorry for himself, Billy finally threw the covers off and padded downstairs, not bothering to put on a shirt or socks. He found Steve in their living room, huddled on the giant secondhand couch with a bowl of cereal, watching the morning news. Steve was already dressed in jeans and one of his ugly polo shirts, but his hair was still sticking up in all directions like he hadn't bothered to comb it. Billy leaned on the wall behind the couch and cleared his throat, one foot tucking up behind the other as he scrubbed an anxious hand through his own messy curls.

Steve jumped, sloshing a few drops of milk over the side of his bowl onto the scuffed up wood floor. "Oh, hey Billy," he said, peering up over the back of the couch. Billy offered a strained smile, and Steve smiled back just as poorly. He gestured to his bowl. "Do you want some cereal? I can go make you a bowl."

It was still weird the way Billy's hair didn't move when he shook his head. He'd only cut it short a few weeks ago, and was still getting used to the new sensations. "Nah," he said, gaze shifting to the floor as he thought about the idea he'd been turning over in his head ever since he woke up. "Could do something else for me, though." A blush rose on his cheeks, but he was determined to see it through, knew it was the only thing that would make him feel better and show Steve how shitty he felt about his words at the same time, without spending a week dancing around the issue. They were both shit at words, but that didn't mean they had to stumble around feeling shitty

till they both cracked open.

The confused furrow that appeared in Steve's brow was cute, and any other time Billy would tease him about how dumb his face looked. Instead, he shuffled closer, rubbed at the back of his neck, and mumbled, "Remember what we talked about last month? For when I act like a bitch and need you to help me do better?"

Steve's eyes widened, and a matching blush colored his face, extending all the way down his chest if previous experience was anything to go by. "I remember," Steve said carefully.

"Can you," Billy started, backtracked, tried again. "I need you to, to, look, I'm a piece of shit, okay, and...." Steve cut him off, reaching over the couch to get a firm hand around his waist.

"Shut up, Billy," he said, and Billy's mouth slammed shut. "You remember your safeword?" Billy nodded. "Tell me what it is."

He hesitated, and Steve squeezed the hand on his hip. "Dad."

"That's right. You say that and everything stops."

Billy nodded again, not trusting himself to speak.

"Come on," Steve said, tugging at Billy. "Get over here."

He rounded the couch, nerves settling like a wasp nest in his stomach even though he'd been the one to suggest this. He still wanted it, but his limbs hesitated anyway.

Steve was amazing, though. He tugged at Billy, helped him arrange himself stretched out on the couch with his stomach over Steve's legs. The rush of air on bare skin was a surprise when Steve tugged his sleep pants halfway down his thighs, but then Steve's hand settled over the newly revealed curve of his ass and something in his chest settled. The hand on his ass squeezed; Billy's body was already thrumming in anticipation.

They'd tried spanking a few times, before, but never quite like this.

"I'm gonna give you twenty," Steve said, voice soft and calm,

controlled. “Can you count them for me?”

Billy nodded against the soft material of the couch, and felt a sharp swat against his thigh.

“Use your words.”

“Yes. Jesus, I can count.”

The first hit landed right on his left cheek, flat and stinging. “One,” Billy grunted. It hurt, and he was still blushing, embarrassed and awkward, but he could also already feel the tight ball of shame around his lungs loosening with the pain.

The second slap hit the other cheek, and he knew his ass was going to be bright red by the time Steve was done. It was perfect. A pinch to his inner thigh reminded him what he was supposed to be doing, and he counted out, “Two.”

Three and four came in quick succession, barely enough time to register the pain and grunt out the number before the next hit landed. Each harsh slap alternated sides, never hitting in exactly the same space so that soon, the sparkling prickles of pain ran all the way from the dip of his lower back to the tops of his thighs. A few hits landed against his inner thighs as well, alerting him to the way his legs were straining to spread against the confines of his pants, trying to give Steve access to more skin.

By number five, the first tear rolled down Billy’s cheek, taking some of his tension with it. By ten, he was crying for real, letting the buried coils of shame and anger from the last few days, both before and after the fight, flow out of his chest with his tears. There was nothing quite like pain, pain that he sought out and *asked for*, to drag him out of his head and ground him solid and *real* in his body. As he squirmed from the rush of endorphins flooding through him, he felt Steve’s other hand rub over his shoulders, soothing and strong at once, keeping his twitching body pinned firmly to the couch.

At twenty, Steve’s hand landed and stayed, squeezing once before his fingers gentled. Though his ass was on fire and he might not be able to sit for a week, Billy felt more relaxed than he had in days. Steve’s

hand rubbed over the hot, stinging flesh, one finger dipping down to brush over Billy's perineum. The realization of how hard he was hit abruptly when cock twitched against Steve's jeans with interest. "You took your punishment so good, baby," Steve said, the mixture of lust and fondness in his voice making Billy's cock twitch again. "Do you want a reward for being so good for me?"

"Please," Billy said, biting his lip to stop himself from begging like he wanted to.

Steve's hand disappeared and Billy heard the click of a bottle cap. He was so damn grateful for the amount of times they'd fucked on the couch, enough to be prepared for it at any time. Sure enough, a moment later Steve's fingers returned, slick and wet with lube. The first one slipped easily inside, and Billy sighed at the feeling, squirming at the alternating spikes of pleasure and pain as the rest of Steve's fingers spread out over his throbbing ass. Pleasure sparked up his spine as Steve's finger slid all the way in, but the stretch faded quickly and all too soon one finger wasn't quite enough. He wriggled again, pressing back to try and get it deeper, but Steve pressed more firmly on his shoulders with his other hand, pinning Billy down against the couch. Another finger pressed inside him, and Billy couldn't help the quiet moan that fell from his open mouth.

"You're doing great, babe," Steve said above him, stroking up and down Billy's spine with his free hand. "You're beautiful, you know. I love you, so fucking much." His fingers scissored inside of Billy, sending waves of heat rippling all the way through him. "You're amazing, and beautiful, and I love you."

Those long, dextrous fingers stroked at his insides, searching, till Billy's back arched and he gasped out, "There! Fuck, *please!*"

He fucking loved Steve's fingers. They knew just how to take him apart, how to press and rub against the most sensitive place inside him to have him arching and moaning and whining as wave after wave of pleasure built inside him, till he was a writhing mess, clean of thought and fear and shame, a creature of pure feeling with nothing but Steve-Steve-Steve orchestrating his undoing. His hard cock rubbed against Steve's jeans, getting them wet with pre-come, friction bordering on too much and not enough at the same time.

Every time Steve pushed his pointer and middle fingers deeper, his ring finger flicked against the sensitive skin of Billy's perineum and the base of his balls, thumb rubbing into the bruises the spanking had left. It was so much sensation, too much if not for other hand still pressing down at the top of his spine, the pretty words dripping from Steve's mouth.

"God, you're so gorgeous. So pretty when you're good like this for me. I love you, love looking at you like this, love hearing your voice, love seeing you all marked up and *mine*."

His orgasm washed over him without warning, dragging a gasp from the depth of his lungs as his whole body jerked in Steve's lap. His come splashed hot over Steve's lap, wrenching a few more whimpers out of his throat as Steve milked him through it, fingers not stopping till Billy was spent and limp and panting. Only then did Steve slip his fingers out of Billy and lean over to grab the tissues from the coffee table. He make a half-assed attempt to wipe them both off, before he gave up and collected Billy's loose limbs in his arms, rearranging Billy like a ragdoll till they were laying down on the couch facing each other, Steve's arm draped over Billy's waist. "Can I kiss you?" Steve asked, and Billy laughed weakly.

"You fucking better."

He felt Steve's smile against his mouth a second later, but he was still floating in the clouds and let Steve do all the work. Steve, the wonderful boyfriend that he was, didn't complain, just held Billy tighter and tucked his other hand under Billy's cheek, thumb wiping at the drying tear tracks left behind from the spanking. It wasn't the most comfortable position, given that the couch wasn't built for two full grown men to lay on this way, but even the end of the world wouldn't have moved Billy out of Steve's arms.

"You feeling better?" Steve asked when Billy finally came down from his orgasm high. His eyes finally focused going briefly cross-eyed as he tried to focus on Steve's nose barely an inch away from his own. He smiled and tilted his head till his forehead rested against Steve's.

"Yeah," he said, softly. The words that had choked him earlier were so much easier to find now, rattling around in lungs that were no

longer drowning. “Thank you. I’m sorry I was such an asshole yesterday. I get jealous, and stupid, but I didn’t mean what I said.”

Steve smiled back, eyes warm and full of love even with a blush still staining the tops of his cheeks. “Apology accepted.”

Billy caught the hand under his cheek and tangled their fingers together. “I love you, too,” he said. Steve beamed like California sunshine, and Billy thought, as he leaned in to kiss Steve, that he could bask in Steve’s warmth for the rest of his life.

Author's Note:

Anyone who wants to come shout at me on tumblr about Steve and Billy is, as always, welcome to do so! I am trashmouse, and I love people shouting their Billy and Steve thoughts at me (which, btw, is also true of comments, I love comments)